Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No,when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Courſe,
When the blood was ſcarce waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O,when I ſay,I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo old a widdow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo bad
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I inioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames.
Beſides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule,I pity thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell,thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut.Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it,
D.Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*,& good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*,and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue, where peace and reſt lye with me,
Eyghty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Richard Crowned, Buckingham,Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Couſin of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand. *Here he aſcends his Throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Rich*
But ſhall we weare theſe hono
Or ſhall they laſt and we rejo
Buc. Still liue they,and foreu
Ki. O *Buckingham* now I do
To try if thou be currant Gol
Yong *Edward* liues:thinke no
Buc. Say on my gracious S
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſ
Buc. Why ſo you are my thri
King. Ha : am I King ? tis ſo
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequenc
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liu
Couſin thou wert not wont t
Shall I be plaine I wiſh the b
And I would haue it ſuddainl
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſu
Buc. Your grace may doe yo
King. Tut,tut,thou art all
Say,haue I thy conſent that t
Buc. Giue me ſome breat
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake h
I will reſolue your grace imed
Cat. The King is angry ſee
King. I will conuerſe with ir
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*, non
That looke into me with con
Boy. High reaching *Buckin*
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not an
Would tempt vnto a cloſe e
Boy. My Lord , I know a
Whoſe humble meanes mat
Gold were as good as twent
And will no doubt tempt h
King. What is his name ?
Boy. His name my Lord ,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37